

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



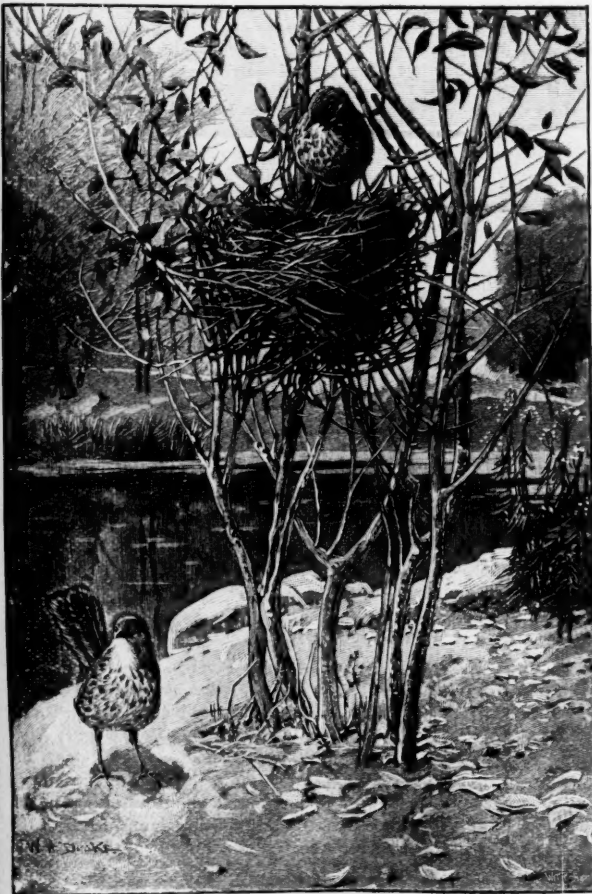
CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 21.

Boston, May, 1889.

No. 12.



From Harper's New Fourth Reader.

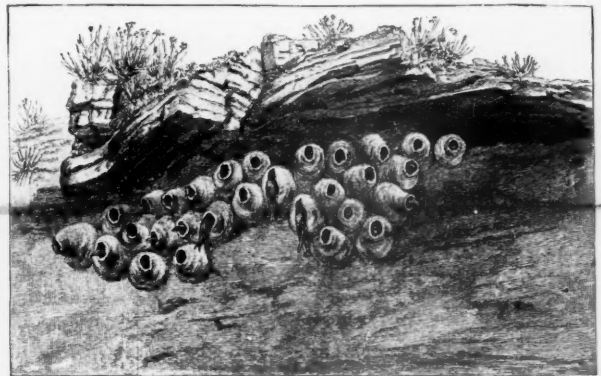
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NEST OF THE THRUSH.

Drawn by W. H. DRAKE, from photographs.

The following conversation took place in an office: "Did you ever realize anything in the lotteries?" "Yes, sir. I tried five times and realized that I was an idiot!"

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—Horace Greeley.



From Harper's New Fourth Reader.

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NESTS OF CLIFF SWALLOWS.

It is very interesting to study the ingenious ways in which different birds make their nests. All birds of the same kind build in the same way, and it is not often that they make any changes in their plans. They not only use the same building material, but choose the same kind of a place, so that one who understands the habits of birds knows quite well where to look for any nest that he may wish to find.

Some birds almost always choose to build in the high tree-tops, others in the low bushes, others among the tall grass in the meadows, and still others in the dry trunks of old trees. The thrush builds its nest among the lower branches of a small tree, usually in some half-hidden spot where it is least likely to be disturbed. It makes the frame-work of twigs carefully laid together, and lines it with hay, feathers, and soft leaves and moss. Sometimes the spaces between the twigs are partly filled with mud. The bird seems to be quite proud of its nest, and well it may be, for, when finished, it is a very cozy affair.

The robin often builds its nest on a fence, or in a fork of a tree not far from the ground. It seems to like best a place where there is more or less noise. One has been known to build on a railroad bridge over which trains were passing every few minutes. The nest of the robin is made of moss, leaves, and grasses, and it is lined with hair and feathers, and strengthened on the outside with mud.

The barn-swallows are real masons. They make their nests of mud or damp earth mixed with grasses, and fasten them to the beams or rafters of barns and other out-buildings. Cliff-swallows build under the eaves of houses, under overhanging ledges of rock, and in other sheltered places. Their nests, which are made of clay and sand, are shaped like an earthen retort with the neck broken off, and are lined with straw and grass. The sand-swallow hollows out a passage, sometimes more than three feet long, in a sand bank, and at the end of the passage builds its nest. The chimney-swallow builds in chimneys and high towers. Its nest is a bare and comfortless shelf, made only of dead twigs which the bird snaps off while flying. These twigs are fastened together by a kind of glue which is secreted in the bird's mouth, and the nest is fastened to the side of the chimney by the same means.

The eagle is a platform builder. On some high cliff or at the top of a rock to which no one can climb, he builds a great platform of sticks and other materials, which is sometimes a perfect cube four or five feet across. The nest is on the top of the platform, and is often so flat that there is nothing to hinder the eggs rolling off except the watchful care of the birds. Pigeons, turtle-doves, and storks are platform builders on a smaller scale.

There are many birds which always build their nests on the ground. The best known among these are the common wading-birds, such as ducks, geese, swans, and gulls. The night-hawks and the whip-poor-wills make no nests, but lay their eggs on the bare ground or among dry leaves, always choosing a spot in which the color is very much like the color of the eggs.

The wren, like the robin, dislikes the stillness of the woods and thickets, and therefore builds its nest near houses or in boxes which have been made ready for it; indeed, it has been known to choose some very odd places, as in unused carriages, old shoes, or the sleeve of a coat forgotten in a wagon-shed or wood-house. The swamp-sparrow makes its nest of moss and fine hay, lining it with soft plants, and placing it in a thick tuft of tall grass or weeds growing in boggy ground. The nest is so well hidden that often only the sharpest eyes can find it among the leaves and long stalks of grass. And yet the tiny eggs are not always safe from the snakes, field-mice, and other creatures which frequent such places.

There are many other birds not found in our country, which are noted for the strange ways in which they build their nests. The crested flycatcher has a fancy for the cast-off skins of snakes, and always hunts up one or two of these skins to weave into its nest. The tailor-bird also makes an odd nest by sewing together the leaves of trees, and in doing so she uses her sharp bill and slender claws in the place of a needle.

The weaver-bird twines together in the most ingenious way, grass, hair, threads of flax, and many other things, and thus forms one of the finest nests imaginable. The nest of the weaver-bird is usually fastened to slender twigs in such a way as to dangle about in the breeze, and be out of reach of snakes and small animals and other robbers of the woods. — *Harper's Fourth Reader.*

When a man conveys to you in a loud tone of voice, and the language of slang, profanity, and bad grammar the information that he is a gentleman, it is a waste of time to doubt him.

THE DOCTOR MADE NO CHARGE.

A prominent citizen of Philadelphia relates that a few days after the publication of the letter of the eminent physician, Dr. William Pepper, in which the latter gracefully and generously declined to accept any compensation for the valuable professional services he had rendered to the heroic Sheridan in his last illness, he was driving across New York on his way home, via Jersey City, when he was stopped at Broadway by one of the great street pageants of the late campaign. Being anxious to catch the next train, he appealed to a policeman to permit the procession to be broken for the passage of his hackney coach. The officer was polite but firm in refusal, stating that his orders were not to break the line except at stated intervals for the passage of street cars. It having been represented that the gentleman's business was most urgent, he answered that in five minutes, when the cars would be permitted to pass, he would be given leave to fall in behind them if he would give the officer his name and address for use in the event of his superior demanding an explanation. The name and address were no sooner furnished — the former being almost identical with that of the celebrated physician and Provost of the University — than the line was halted and broken, and the carriage immediately allowed to pass. The officer touched his hat to the surprised Philadelphian, who had not then heard of Dr. Pepper's letter, and said: "The man who served Sheridan and refused to take a fee for his services can pass anywhere, and at any time, through New York."

MIGHTY UNCERTAIN.

We have often heard about the uncertainty of the law, and have read some things in regard to the uncertainty of theology, but it seems that there is quite as much uncertainty in medicine.

A reporter of the *Boston Globe* tells us in that paper, that recently he called upon ten regular physicians on the same day, and described his symptoms in exactly the same language to each. The physicians gave him ten different prescriptions, many of them utterly inconsistent with each other.

BROTHER WINTER'S CAT.

My predecessor at Hollister, Rev. W. M. Winters, had a very fine cat, of which, with his well known kindly nature, he made a pet. At the Conference of 1886 he was removed to Salinas, leaving the cat at the parsonage. It would not, however, fraternize with the new-comers, but at once took up its abode at the house of one of our stewards on the next block. It occasionally looked into the backyard, but never once entered the house. A month since, brother Winters called on his way to Conference, and stayed overnight. The next morning early I was surprised to find the cat on the back porch, and the moment I opened the door it rushed into the house; and when brother Winters came into the dining-room it ran toward him, purring merrily with most manifest pleasure. "Has he forgotten the way to box, I wonder?" said brother Winters, pretending to hit him, when the cat at once sat back on its haunches and struck out with its paw, blow for blow, in scientific style. Its former kind master left by the early train; the cat returned at once to its adopted home, and has never been near the parsonage since. Brother Winters said he believed he heard that cat under his bed-room window during the night. Was it instinct, memory, scent, or what? — *R. Boyers, Hollister, Cal., Oct. 29, 1888.*

A SWEET HOME.

Like the magical city of old,
'Twas built in a single night;
For the builder was busy and bold,
And worked with all her might.
She worked as fast as she ever could,
But she used not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
From the base to the topmost dome;
She used not wood, nor stone, nor brick,
But the floor was warm and the walls were thick;
O what a queer little home!

She entered my own estate
With no regard for the laws;
She made herself a gate;
Her teeth were the knives and saws.
Right in my way her dwelling stood;
It was not built upon clay nor mud,
Nor on rock, nor sand, nor loam;
It was not built upon earth at all,
But she made it within a crystal wall—
A quaint and curious home.

In the light of the morning sun
The work of the night I see;
For now the building is done,
But the builder, where is she?
I found her not, but I know her name—
'Tis Mistress Mouse, that meddlesome dame
Who loveth by night to roam.
Into my pantry she gnawed a hole,
And built her house in my sugar bowl;
Ah, what a sweet, sweet home!

CUNNING REYNARD.

A funny fox-chase is reported in this county, writes a New York *Sun* correspondent from Lancaster, Pa. At Landis Valley a fox had been started and thirty-five hounds and a half dozen cross-country riders were in lively pursuit. The trail led among the fields and over the hills for several miles, and then took the hounds to the turnpike. There, in the middle of the pike, the scent was lost. The dogs maneuvered and beat about here, there and everywhere, but the trail could not be found. A teamster, on his way to town with a load of hay, had passed the spot where the trail was lost in the pike only a minute before the hounds burst on the road in full cry. The teamster stopped on seeing the pack and the riders following them to watch the result of the maneuvering.

"Which way did he go?" shouted one of the hunters.

"Dunno!" the teamster shouted back. "Didn't see him."

After watching the dogs and the hunters for a few minutes the teamster went on. The hunters unanimously declared that there had never before been such an inexplicable loss of a fox's trail, and had to give up the chase. After going a mile or so, as he tells the story, the teamster with the hay stopped his horses to talk with an acquaintance he met on the road, and, as they were talking, a fox jumped out of the hay at the rear end, landed in the road and trotted leisurely away.

OUR WORK IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

We notice that at the recent session of the Superior Court of Franklin County, fourteen persons were sentenced for various offences, of which nine were on complaint of our agent, Mr. Anderson, for cruelty to animals.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER,
Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary;
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches
of the Parent American Band of Mercy have
been formed, with probably over four hundred
thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living
creatures, and try to protect them from cruel
usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross
out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P.
C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention
of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking,
a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and
other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes
that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy"
by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or
children or both—either signed, or authorized
to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen
for the "Band" and the name and post-office
address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANI-
MALS," full of interesting stories and pictures,
for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals,
containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pic-
tures and one hundred selected stories and
poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold
badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance
Associations and teachers and Sunday school
teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to
sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years
old can form a Band with no cost, and receive
what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn
books, cards of membership, and a membership
book for each Band, the prices are, for badges,
gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon,
four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-
two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of
membership, two cents; and membership book,
eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kind-
ness to Animals" cost only two cents for the
whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The
Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hun-
dred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do
a kind act, to make the world happier or bet-
ter, is invited to address, by letter or postal,
Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street,
Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full in-
formation.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy
Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat
the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of
last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anec-
dotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to
both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instru-
mental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they
have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and
better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices,
sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a
beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life*
Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a
"Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or
can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-
cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list,
and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish
the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them
at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail
by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve
cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of
Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the
"Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certi-
ficates at ten cents a hundred.

WHAT IS THE BEST SOCIETY?

Some years ago we were visiting Vermont, and
met there a lady who seemed bent upon impress-
ing her country acquaintances with the fact that
she moved in the best society. In the presence
of a considerable company one day she glibly
named some of the wealthiest families of Bos-
ton; and then turning to us said: "Are the
So-and Soes in the best society?" We saw the
point, and answered: "Well, really I cannot
say, madam; I have no recollection of ever
meeting them there." The company were amused,
and she asked no more questions.

But this brings us to the point: What is the
best society? We are decidedly of opinion that
the best society for each of us is that which,
in the long run, makes us the happiest. Books,
to some, are the best society. Horses are mighty
good society for those that love them. Dogs are
mighty good society for those that love dogs.
We once had a little canary bird whose society
we would not have exchanged for a membership
in all the clubs of Boston. Our own homes
ought to be to each of us the best society. For-
tunate are those of us who can truly say that we
find in our own homes the best society.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

[JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.]

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;

There is ever a something sings away;

There's the song of the lark when the sky is
clear,

And the song of the thrush when the sky is
gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,

And the bluebird thrills in the orchard tree;

And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,

The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

In the midnight black, or the midday blue,

The robin pipes when the sun is here,

And the cricket chirrups the whole night
through.

The buds may blow, and the fruits may grow,

And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;

But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,

There's ever a song somewhere, my dear.

He—"Will you marry me?" She—
"Wait a minute. (Exit. Reappearing with
shot-gun). Hold up your hands! Higher
yet! I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that
I can only be a sister to you. You must
pardon my seeming rude conduct, but so
many young women are getting killed nowa-
days by rejected suitors that I thought a little
precaution would not be out of place."—*Terre*
Haute Express.

"IF YOU PLEASE."

BY ANNIE M. LIBBY.

We've just heard of an island far away,

Across the rosy sunset seas,

Where we'll send to stay, for a year and a day.

The folks who forget to say "Please."

We'll pack them off, the ill and the hale,

In a well-manned ship together,

And we'll hoist the sail on the date without fail,

Quite regardless of the weather.

And when they come back they'll be so polite,

They'll say "how-d'ye-do" on their knees.

Won't it be a delight to behold such a sight,

And to hear them in chorus cry "Please"?

—*American Teacher*.

A HARMLESS TALE.

HOW HONORA QUIETED THE JUVENILE POR-
TION OF THE PERKINS HOUSEHOLD.

"Remember, Honora," said Mrs. Perkins to
the new nurse girl, "that I do not allow the
children to hear stories that might frighten them
when they go to bed. You may tell them about
birds and harmless little fairy stories, but noth-
ing about bears or lions."

"Yis, mem," replied Honora, and this was
the harmless little story she told that night:

"Wanst there wuz a gr-r-r-eat big monster
of an animal wid horns an' a tail of hot fire an'
teeth a yard long that wint around in the dead
of the noight atin up little byes un' girruls that
boddere their nurse askin' her to get up an'
give them wather in the noight an' tellin' how
she lift the baby for a wurrud wid the perlace-
mine in the parruk and little things loike that.
An' this ter-r-rible big monster could go roight
through solid walls, moind yeez, an' he'd ate
yeez up 'fore yeez could screame out. Now
cuddle up an' go to slape like good byes na'
girruls or he'll be afther yeez av yeez say a
wurrud. Moind that. Shop yer shiverin' now,
Birdie; an' phwat do yeez mane by chaterin'
yer teeth loike that, Willie? To slape wid yeez
or yeez'll be ate up the minit I takes the light
out."

THE TRUE WIFE.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by
against the tide as if drawn by some invisible
bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it.
Her sails were unfilled, her streamers were
drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-
wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene
triumph, as with her own life. But I knew, that
on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath
the great bulk that swam so majestically, there
was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of
fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely
on; and I knew if the little steam-tug untwined
her arm, and left the ship, it would wallow and
roll about, and drift hither and thither, and
go off with the reflux tide, no man knows
whither. And so I have known more than one
genius, high-decked, full freighted, full-sailed,
gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling
arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the
faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so
that no wind or wave could part them, would
have gone down with the stream, and have been
heard of no more.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Count the mercies! count the mercies!

Number all the gifts of love;

Keep a faithful daily record

Of the comforts from above.

Look at all the lovely green spots

In life's weary desert way;

Think how many cooling fountains

Cheer our fainting heart each day.

Count the mercies! count the mercies!

See them strewn along our way!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, May, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

BANDS OF MERCY.

We are glad to report this month in other columns *eighty-one* new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a grand total of *six thousand seven hundred and twenty-four*.

Our correspondents will pardon short letters when we say that nearly fourteen thousand letters a year go out from our offices—an average of from forty to fifty for every working-day.

ABOUT TWELVE THOUSAND EDITORS.

We send this number of *Our Dumb Animals* to the editors of all newspapers and magazines in the United States and Territories—about twelve thousand.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Some time since our attention was called to a series of four reading-books for schools, recently published by Harper & Brothers of New York City, and designed for pupils of different ages. We were so much pleased with the humane stories in those books, that we wrote Harper & Brothers we would be glad to publish several of them in *Our Dumb Animals*; and so, with their consent, we print four, with the accompanying pictures, in this month's paper.

EDITORS' PRIZE ESSAYS.

We are glad to see that editors in various parts of the country are re-publishing our offer, as President of *The American Humane Education Society*, to all American editors, of a prize of \$300 for the *best essay on the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime*. We are glad to know that this prize is likely to draw a large competition.

One mail brought us letters from fourteen editors, asking further information and humane publications.

THE FIRST LAW IN THE WORLD TO PUNISH THE MUTILATION OF HORSES BY DOCKING.

The first law in the world to punish the mutilation of horses by docking has passed both the Massachusetts Senate and House, and now lacks only the signature of the Governor. We shall publish it in full in June "*Our Dumb Animals*."

It makes the punishment of the offence, in the discretion of the Court, *a year's imprisonment and two hundred and fifty dollars fine, and the lowest penalty one hundred dollars fine. We trust it may soon become the law not only of Massachusetts but of every civilized country in the world.*

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

We are grateful to the friends, comprising some of the best names in Massachusetts, who have written us kind letters thanking us for the efforts we are making to stop the docking cruelty in this Commonwealth.

PRIZES FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer TEN prizes of \$10 each, and TWENTY prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

I also hereby offer to the boy in every city and town of Massachusetts who shall first, during this spring or the coming summer, succeed in so taming wild birds that they will feed from his hand, a prize of *five dollars in money* and the Society's paper, "*Our Dumb Animals*," and other publications free for one year.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The above offer of prizes has been sent in card and placard form to every Massachusetts newspaper and to all our agents to be posted in depots, post offices, etc., in every city and town.

COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAYS.

We expect to publish in June "*Our Dumb Animals*" the name of the winner of the \$100 prize offered to all American college students for the *best essay on the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime*, and also the essay. In subsequent months we hope to publish other essays which came near winning it.

\$500,000—THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

We have had *five hearings* at the State House, and have certainly been glad to find so many friends among the law-makers.

We asked:

(1) An act of incorporation for our *American Humane Education Society*, with power to hold *free from taxation* real and personal property to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars.

The Legislature granted that.

(2) That the power of our Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to hold real and personal property *without taxation*, should be increased from \$100,000 to \$500,000.

The Legislature granted that.

(3 & 4) That the most formidable series of attacks ever organized in Massachusetts against dogs should not be permitted to endanger these faithful friends.

The Legislature has granted our request by refusing to enact the proposed legislation.

(5) That an act presented by us to prevent the docking of horses should become the law of Massachusetts.

The House and Senate have both voted that it shall.

The reason for increasing the power of our *Mass. Society P. C. Animals* to hold \$500,000 was not that we have an excess of money—on the contrary its treasurer's report show our payments last year were nearly \$2,000 more than our income; but it has been recently decided that a gift, or legacy, to a corporation is void if beyond the sum it is legally authorized to hold. Our limit has hitherto been \$100,000. The New York Society has received two legacies of over \$100,000. They would have been void if given to our Mass. Society. In fact the income of the New York Society last year was over \$100,000.

The reason for giving our "*American Humane Education Society*" power to hold \$500,000 was that while its receipts to this date [in addition to three hundred and twenty acres of Dakota land we have personally given its permanent fund] have been only a little over \$4000, yet we have faith to believe the time is coming when its work will be seen to be as important and its income as large as some of our other American Missionary Societies whose yearly expenses are several hundreds of thousands of dollars.

AMBULANCE.

If the calls for our ambulance continue to increase as during the past month, we shall be compelled to try to obtain another.

If our receipts shall grow as we are trying to make them, we intend to have an ambulance in every county—a paid agent to enforce the law in every county—and an agent to kill all aged and infirm animals mercifully in every town.

FIRST DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mrs. William Appleton,.....	\$1,000
<i>A Friend</i> ,.....	1,000
A. E. H.,.....	300
Mrs. Geo. Dickinson,.....	500
Miss Georgiana Kendall,.....	205
Mrs. J. H. French,.....	100
Philip G. Peabody,.....	10
Mary F. Metcalf,.....	5
Ellen Snow,.....	5
Mrs. A. G. R. Champlin,.....	50
S. R. U.,.....	25
E. Cavazza,.....	5
Charles F. Clark,.....	50
A. W.,.....	100
H. O. H.,.....	100
Mrs. Charles E. De Wolf,.....	50
Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe,.....	100
Mrs. B. S. Rotch,.....	100
H. E. Sargent,.....	5
Charles W. Parker,.....	10
The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams,	10
Coachen's Benevolent Association,	20
Sophia M. Hale,.....	5
Wm. R. Robeson,.....	100
Miss S. R. Kendall,.....	50
Miss C. C. Kendall,.....	50
Mrs. John W. James,.....	5
Mrs. Edward Bringham,.....	5
M. F.,.....	100
Mrs. Anna E. McIntyre,.....	5
W. P. Stearns,.....	5
Mrs. Sarah B. Cone,.....	25
Dr. H. M. Field,.....	5
Mrs. Annie E. Lowry,.....	100
S. B. F.,.....	200
Mrs. C. A. L. Sibley,.....	200
Miss Veronica Dwight,.....	5
Miss Cora H. Clarke,.....	5

\$4,615

PLEASANT LETTERS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

May I ask your acceptance of the enclosed check, \$100, to be used at your discretion in the best way to further the good work. I am exceedingly anxious to introduce your most excellent paper, "Our Dumb Animals," into the Sunday School of the Second Ref. Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, under the charge of Bishop Nicholson. Will you kindly inform me what will be the subscription per annum for at least 300 copies?

Yours respectfully,

ANNIE L. LOWRY.

Boston, April 20, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

DEAR SIR:

I enclose check for \$200 to be used where most needed. Either for the "Humane Education" or the P. C. A. S. B. F.

We put both the above into the fund of "The American Humane Education Society."

Also another check for \$200 handed us personally on the same day by Mrs. C. A. L. SIBLEY, of Mass., with like discretionary power.

MISSIONARIES.

The employment of missionaries must depend upon our receipts. If we had an income of half a million of dollars a year, or thereabouts, as some of our American Missionary Societies do, we could use the whole of it in cutting the roots of crime and cruelty—increasing the safety of life, property, and republican government—and making this the happy nation of the whole world.

A PROPHECY.

We take the following from the *Boston Daily Evening Transcript* of March 30th, 1889.

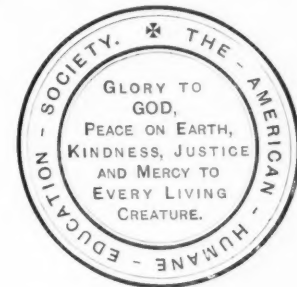
THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The future historian will tell his readers that the most important discovery of the nineteenth century—more important than all discoveries in the art of war, all armor clad vessels, all guns, fortifications and cannon—more important than all telegraph wires and all the applied powers of steam and electricity—more important than all prisons and penitentiaries—was the discovery of the simple fact that the *tap roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier.* That on the continent of North America, in the city of Boston, on the 16th day of January, 1889, was organized the first incorporated society in the world—*The American Humane Education Society*—for the specific object of awakening the world to the importance of this discovery—that through the American press, by prizes and otherwise, it succeeded in attracting the attention, sympathy and aid of Christians, patriots and philanthropists of all nations—that through its "Bands of Mercy" and an immense free distribution of humane literature it succeeded in reaching the children, not only in every American school, but also in every American home—that in all the schools, prizes and honors were given to those that most excelled in acts of kindness—that the children of the criminal classes were reached, because every criminal, by the commission of crime, forfeited the right of custody of his children, which were taken by State Boards of Charities and placed in surroundings suitable to make them good citizens—that a public sentiment was built up which made the rich kind to the poor, the poor kind to the rich, and all crimes and cruelties infamous, and so in process of time every form of unnecessary human and animal suffering was relieved, and wars, cruelty and crime vanished, because every child was taught in all public, private and Sunday schools, and in a hundred thousand free kindergartens, supported at public expense, to make its own life happier by seizing every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make happier the lives of others, both human and dumb, and that the highest honors of the state and nation were due to those who did the most to increase the nation's happiness.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

The American Humane Education Society.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.

(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

[CHAPTER 134.]

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE.

AN ACT TO INCORPORATE

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

SECTION 1. George T. Angell, Edmund H. Bennett, Samuel C. Cobb, Henry O. Houghton, Daniel Needham and Samuel E. Sawyer, their associates and successors, are hereby made a Corporation by the name of *The American Humane Education Society*, for the purpose of encouraging and promoting humane education throughout the United States of America and elsewhere, with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties, liabilities and restrictions set forth in all general laws which now are or may hereafter be in force relating to such Corporations, with authority to hold real and personal estate for the purposes of the Corporation, not exceeding in amount five hundred thousand dollars.

SECTION 2. This Act shall take effect upon its passage.

House of Representatives, March 18, 1889.

Passed to be enacted.

WILLIAM E. BARRETT, Speaker.

IN SENATE.

March 19, 1889.

Passed to be enacted.

HARRIS C. HARTWELL, President.

March 19, 1889.

Approved.

OLIVER AMES,

Governor of Massachusetts.

There is a great difference between the general that leads thousands to death, and the fireman that sacrifices his own life in saving helpless women and children.

HOW SOME WESTERN PEOPLE ENJOY THEMSELVES.

A western friend sends us the following, from the "Chicago Herald" of Thursday, Feb. 21st:

GRAND HUNT NEAR OTTAWA.

It Will Take Place March 28—A Big Chicago Delegation to Participate.

Arrangements were completed yesterday for one of the grandest hunts that has taken place in this state. It will be held near Ottawa on Thursday, March 28, and will be participated in by all the huntsmen of La Salle County and about two hundred fox hounds. The chase has been arranged in honor of the Chicago Hunt Club, which will attend in a body. The club will proceed to Ottawa on the evening preceding the hunt in a special train tendered by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company. Judge Caton, father of Arthur Caton, proprietor of the Caton stock farm, has presented the huntsmen with a handsome buck, which will be chased to the death by the members of the Chicago club. The chase will take place in a valley where every movement of the pursued and pursuers can be seen from the heights above. After the death of the buck a number of foxes are to be turned loose for the benefit of the local hunters. The sport will occupy the entire day. E. B. Smith, the committeeman appointed by the Chicago Hunt Club, has arranged for hotel accommodations for 200. Those who do not care to ride horseback during the chase can follow the hounds in buggies. Mrs. Town, Judge Caton's daughter, will be at the head of a committee of ladies to receive and take charge of the lady members of the Chicago club who are to take part in the hunt. Following the chase a banquet will take place at the Clifton Hotel, at which the Mayor of Ottawa will preside. Ex-Senator Duncan will make the address of welcome.

The secretary of the Chicago Hunt Club has called a special meeting, to be held at the Grand Pacific Hotel next Monday evening at 8 o'clock, when the final arrangements will be made. Applications for transportation, etc., should be made to J. H. Robbins, 120 Fifth Avenue.

[How these gentlemen and ladies would enjoy a Spanish bull-fight.

How their children are being educated to a love of cruelty and bloodshed.

Thank God for the "Bands of Mercy," and for our country's sake and humanity's sake help us to plant them in every town of this American Continent.—EDITOR.]

TAME FOXES.

A long talked of and much advertised fox hunt, arranged to come off on Fast Day at "Great Neck," Ipswich, did not take place owing to the intervention of the M. S. P. C. to Animals. Since the punishment of one Turner, who ran a fox at Rockland on Fast Day two years since (in which case the Supreme Court was appealed to, without avail to the defendant), fox hunting has been struck from the list of sports for the day.—Boston Transcript, April 11th.

The laws and courts of Massachusetts make the turning out of a tame fox to be hounded for sport, punishable by fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars and imprisonment not exceeding one year.

FIVE DOLLARS.—VERY UNIQUE LETTER.

MUNROE, WIS., April 2, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

Found \$5 on the street. No owner. Think it must have been dropped for your "American Humane Education Society."

W. P. STEARNS.

RECOGNITION OF GENEROUS SERVICE.

At the Annual Meeting of our Society it was unanimously voted:—

That the thanks of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are hereby given to all its officers who serve without pay, to all its unpaid agents throughout the State, and to all who by gifts or otherwise have aided it in the protection of animals from cruelty.

YALE STUDENTS.

The Boston Herald closes an editorial on the reckless barbarism which led Yale students to pull down the costly Silliman statue at New Haven, thus: "It is to be hoped that the civil law will now step in. Meanwhile the public at large will be greatly profited if it shall take to heart the lesson taught by this outrage—the lesson of the inevitable result of that fatal lack of reverence for anything higher than self-assertion such hosts of American boys and girls are growing up in." "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar" is a proverb that holds good of all who are not brought up in habitual reverence for something noble and commanding which dominates the Tartar in them."

[There is no more dangerous class in this country than the educated barbarians, who, from want of proper education in childhood, are preparing to curse rather than bless the world. EDITOR.]

INCREASE OF CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.

"There is going on in the United States a steady increase in the number of criminals much greater in proportion than the increase in population. There were 70,000 persons in prison for crime in 1880, and there will be more than 100,000 in prison for great and serious crimes in 1890. This is the estimate of Rev. Dr. Wines, Secretary of the National Prison Association."

U. S. Senator George F. Hoar, in Tremont Temple, Boston, April 14th, 1889.

NEW YORK.

The Home Missionary comes to our table. On its first page we find the regular annual receipts of The American Home Missionary Society, for the year ending March 31st, to be \$548,729.87, with which 144 missionaries are supported.

How we wish that our "American Humane Education Society" could have similar power to send out over this whole country humane education, and reach millions that churches cannot reach. Perhaps it will some time.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it.

THE FIRST AMERICAN HUMANE SOCIETY.

A letter of inquiry from Chicago leads me to say that the first Society in America for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was incorporated in New York, April, 1866. The Massachusetts Society was incorporated March 23d, 1868, and the Pennsylvania Society a few days after, viz., April 4th, 1868.

In the fall of 1870, I went to Chicago to organize a Society there, and determined to call it the "Illinois Humane Society," and that its object should be to prevent cruelty to human beings as well as animals; and I so wrote its constitution, which was adopted at a large public meeting in Farwell Hall, December 6th.

To other Societies which I subsequently aided in forming in various parts of the country, I recommended the same name and purpose. I think the Illinois was the first Humane Society in the world organized to prevent cruelty both to human beings and dumb beasts.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ST. LOUIS.

We are glad to notice the forming of "Woman's Humane Society" of Missouri. Mrs. T. G. Comstock, president; Mrs. Tudor Brooks, secretary; Mrs. George Wagoner, treasurer. Office, 814 Chestnut Street, St. Louis.

LOWELL, MASS.

Our Lowell agent, Mr. Chas. H. Philbrick, reports for the year ending March 31st: 248 cases, of which 85 were remedied without prosecution; 117 persons warned; 40 animals were taken from work, and 19 mercifully killed. A most gratifying exhibit, in view of the fact that the service rendered was entirely gratuitous. Dumb animals are under great obligations to Mr. Philbrick, who has just entered upon his twelfth year as an agent of our Society.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM RECENT NOTICES OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

- (1) "This excellent monthly is always warmly welcomed. It has fine suggestive pictures, excellent reading matter, and its influence is wholesome and refining." Indiana School Journal, Indianapolis.
- (2) "Excellent adapted for Sunday schools and reading in schools and families." Unitarian Monthly.
- (3) "This magazine is doing a grand and noble work, and ought to be in every family." Philadelphia Gazette.
- (4) "As neat and pretty a periodical as we have seen in a long time; full of wholesome reading for old and young." Benton, Kentucky, Tribune.
- (5) "We are always glad to open a copy of 'Our Dumb Animals.'" Woman's Standard, Des Moines, Iowa.
- (6) "It is one of the best papers published in America." Marshall County, Minnesota, Banner.
- (7) "The kind of literature that should be in the hands of our young folks." Los Angeles, Cal., Christian Advocate.
- (8) "It is really a wonderful little paper." Columbus, Iowa, Gazette.
- (9) "One of the most interesting exchanges that come to our table." Altoona, Pa., Daily Tribune.
- (10) "A most entertaining paper" and doing a grand work. Germantown, Philadelphia, Gazette.
- (11) "We wish there was one like it published in Canada." Halifax Critic.
- (12) "Full of interesting articles." The People, Scranton, Pa.
- (13) "One of our most valued exchanges." Kansas City, Mo., Evening World.
- (14) "One of the best papers for men, women, boys and girls." New West Gleaner, Chicago.
- (15) "That highly interesting monthly." Charter Oak, Iowa, Times.
- (16) "It is a bright, crisp and spicy Journal, faultless in make up." Mingo, Ohio, News.
- (17) "Should be read by everybody." Pacific Health Journal.
- (18) "Beautiful Monthly." Fort Ogden, Florida, News.
- (19) "We should be glad to see this publication more widely disseminated among our Kentucky Schools." Educational Courant, Louisville, Ky.
- (20) "Lend it? Yes; just as the blacksmith would lend his bellows. We read it too frequently to let it go out of the house." The Christian Woman.

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.

On Christmas, 1888, George W. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, crowned his many acts of generosity by distributing the princely sum of \$40,000 among the various employees of his establishment. The Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* thus refers to an episode connected therewith:

One of these employees, an assistant editor, found in his pay envelope, besides his usual salary, a crisp, new \$500 note. This man was amazed. It was a great temptation to put that \$500 bill in his pocket, for he was a poor man with a large family on his hands. But he thought the cashier had made a mistake, and with a face pale and resolute he fought off the tempter and presented himself at the cashier's window, the pretty new bill in his hand.

"A mistake has been made; this bill does not belong to me," he said.

"You had better go see Mr. Childs," responded the cashier.

So into the private office of Mr. Childs walked the assistant editor.

"This is all right," said Mr. Childs, "merely a little Christmas gift, you know. After you have been here longer you will understand it better."

"But, Mr. Childs," gasped the editor, "I've worked for you only six weeks, and this is a greater sum of money than I ever owned at one time in my life. I can't take it. My short service is not sufficient to make it right that I should take it."

"You are a member of our family," said Mr. Childs, and the time you have been here does not make any difference. Just you take that bill and get out on Chestnut street and buy some Christmas presents with it as quick as you know how."

Wealth in the hands of such a man is truly a blessing, and certainly no one but a misanthrope can grudge him its enjoyment. His name will be honored by future generations, and his life pointed to as an example worthy of emulation, while the "marble shafts" to the memories of those who amassed fortunes only for selfish aims will serve as reminders that they cover the remains of men as bloodless as the monuments which bear their names.—*Inland Printer*.

THE SPEECHLESS.

Ye call them dumb, and deem it well;
How'er their bursting hearts may swell
They have no voice their woes to tell.

As fabulists have dreamed.
They cannot cry "O Lord, how long
Wilt Thou, the patient judge and strong,
Behold Thy creatures suffer wrong
Of those Thy blood redeemed!"

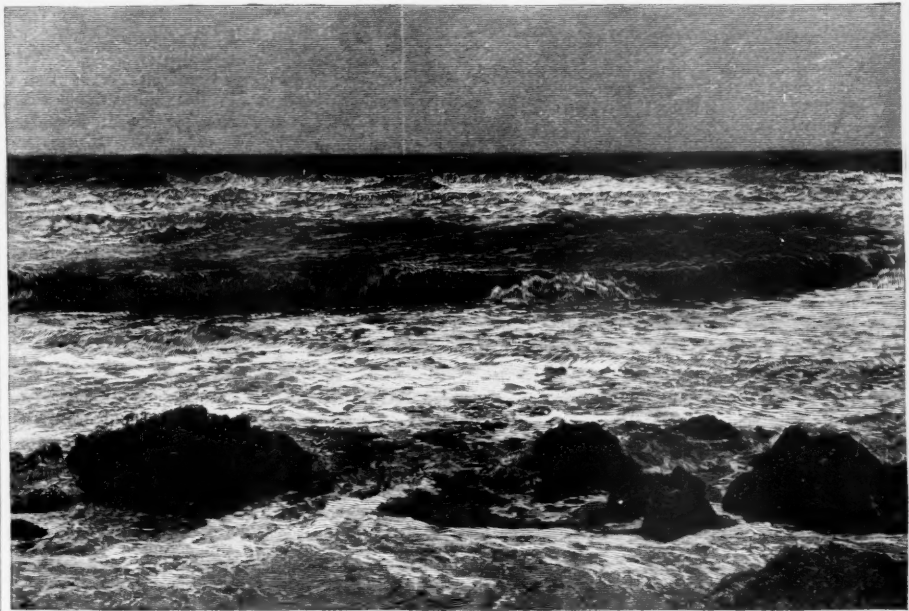
Yet are they silent? Need they speech
His holy sympathies to reach,
Who, by their lips, could prophets teach.
And for their sake would spare?
When, wrestling with his own decree,
To save repentant Nineveh
He found to strengthen mercy's plea,
So many cattle there.

Have they no language? Angels know
Who take recount of every blow,
And there are angel hearts below
On whom the eternal dove
His pentecostal gifts hath poured,
And that forgotten speech restored
That filled the garden of the Lord
When nature's voice was love.

Blest are they whom the creatures bless!
And yet that wealth of tenderness
In look, in gesture, in caress,

By which our hearts they touch,
Might well the thoughtful spirit grieve,
Believing as we must believe
How little they from man receive
To whom they give so much.

They may be silent, as ye say,
But woe to them who, day by day,
Unthinking for what boon they pray,
Repeat "Thy Kingdom Come!"
Who, when before the Great White Throne,
Shall plead that mercy may be shown,
Find awful voices drown their own,
The voices of the dumb.—*Saturday Post*.



From Harper's New Fourth Reader.

Copyright, 1888, by Harper & Brothers.

AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SEA.

THE SEA.

Here is a picture of the sea. In front is a splendid wave just ready to put on its cap of white foam, and to fall over with a grand roar upon the shore? How the spray will fly as the water rushes up the beach with a soft hissing sound, or dashes over those brown rocks! Behind is what seems to be a level floor of water, and far away the sky and water meet at that beautiful line which we call the horizon.

Did you ever see the ocean? Have you been to that most wonderful place in the world, the sea-shore? If your home is far inland and you have never seen salt-water, resolve that some day you will travel east or west, and look at least once in your lifetime upon the great and boundless sea.

If you live close by the sea, take this book in your hand and go down to the water's edge; and, as you watch the waves climbing up the beach, try to learn something about the beauty and the mystery of the mighty deep. If you live far away from the sea, look at the picture, and at any other pictures like it that you can find, and try to remember what you read; and some day when you see the real ocean, you will be able to understand it better, and will learn to love it as do all those who see it every day. Your eyes can view only a very small part of the sea at once. As you stand by the shore, the circle of water which you behold seems to be very great, and yet it is only a very little space on the wide sea. It is this which disappoints people when they visit salt-water for the first time. They expect too much.

Look at the big wave just ready to break. Where did it come from? How long have these waves been pounding upon the shore? How old is the sea? If you wait here a little while, you will notice that the waves are slowly coming nearer and nearer, or are moving off, leaving the beach bare. Taste the water. It is bitter and

salty, like brine. These are strange things, and perhaps if you sit here by the water for a while, you may learn something of what they mean.

The world is like a great picture-book, full of stories more wonderful than any fairy tale. The boy or girl who has eyes to see, can read this book as he walks over its pages. The sea is one of the best pictures in that book; and its history and work make the strangest story that you have ever heard.

The water which you see from the eastern shore of the United States is a part of the Atlantic Ocean. If an ocean steamship should sail straight toward the horizon at a speed of three hundred miles a day, she would be ten days in crossing to Europe. Yet this ocean is only a long gulf between the continents. Outside of this gulf is the real ocean, covering almost three-fourths of the entire earth, or, as it is measured, about 146,000,000 square miles of water.

How old is the sea? Thousands of millions would fail to tell the number of years that the sea has covered the earth. Before there was any dry land as we see it to-day, there was water everywhere. The land sprang from the sea. These waves helped to build up the hills and rocks. The tides helped to carve out the continents. Nearly all the surface of the dry land was once dissolved in the sea, just as to-day we find salt dissolved in the sea water.—*Harper's Fourth Reader*.

UNLIMITED.

If you travel through the coal country of Pennsylvania you will notice two sets of cars, railway cars, drawn by the locomotive; these are all limited in capacity; you see the limit painted on the car, "capacity 2500 pounds," or whatever it may be. Then plodding along the tramway comes the patient, much enduring, long-suffering mule, hauling a car that has no limit or capacity. No: all that car will stand is piled on; there is no question as to the mule. He is never overloaded. Nobody worries about him. Nobody fears that there may be more coal than the mule can stand. No wonder he is a kicker.—*Burdette*.

HIS MOTHER'S MONUMENT.

From "The Angelus."

"All our best designs are here," said Mr. C., the proprietor of the marble works. "This one, I think, is about the finest in the collection." The gentleman with a fresh weed on his hat, who stood by his side in the small office, looked for a few moments at the design on the open page of the book which was spread out on the desk before him.

"I don't like anything so elaborate as this," the gentleman said. "The design on the bottom of the page pleases me better."

"It is the same price, although it is not nearly as showy," the marble cutter replied.

"I do not object to the price," the gentleman rejoined. "It is a question of fitness. I like to have such a memorial correspond with the life and characteristics of the person for whom it is erected. My mother was a small, delicate woman, very quiet in her taste, ignoring anything that partook of display. These large, heavy designs would not be at all suitable. Yet I wish to have something costly, as I intend to put a large sum into the stone. It is the last thing we can do for our friends."

The marble cutter turned over the pages of the book, but nothing seemed to meet the customer's eye that exactly suited him. After a few moments of deliberation, he closed the book.

"I cannot decide to-day," he said. "I must think over the matter a little before I give my order."

He passed into the yard, the marble cutter following him, and calling his attention to the different varieties of material which were piled on both sides of the walk.

"Yes, I want a material that will be lasting," he said. "It must not be of a kind that will grow black with age, or get weather-stained."

The northwest wind blew a gust just then that made the man with the fresh weed on his hat shudder as he buttoned his overcoat up to his throat.

"There is no place on earth more chilling than a marble yard," he thought, as he hastened into the street.

He had turned the corner, and was lost in the crowd of the busy city. He walked along in deep thought. It was very much harder than he supposed it would be to make a proper selection of a monument to his mother. Should it be the elaborate one, after all? It would show his love for his mother, and call attention to her memory; for people always linger about the large, striking monuments in a cemetery. Just then a woman jostled against him, and as he turned to look into her face, she fell at his feet. He stooped and lifted her up. She was a very old woman. He saw the locks of silver hair fall down over a face full of deep furrows; care, poverty and hard work were all stamped upon it. Before he had time to think what he should do, a crowd had gathered, an ambulance came rattling up to the sidewalk, and strong arms had lifted the woman in. "For the Charity Hospital," they said. And before he was aware of the action he had taken, he was following the ambulance.

"What if it had been my mother," he thought.

On, on he followed, up to the ward, and to the very cot where the poor old woman was placed.

"Do everything for the comfort and restoration of this woman," he said to the attendants. "I will pay all extra charges."

The woman opened her eyes as he spoke these words, and looked up into his face with an expression of gratitude and relief which he will carry with him as long as he lives. Then she put her thin, wrinkled hand on his coat-sleeve, and whispered, "God bless you, my son!"

It was pitiful that so many aged persons should have such a hard way at the close of the journey. He was so thankful that his mother had had a beautiful sunset time; so glad he had been able to give her the comforts of his luxurious home. The earlier part of her journey had been rough enough, God knew!

"If only I could have kept mother longer!" he thought that night as he turned his restless head upon his pillow.

"I am in a position now where I could do so much for her!"

And he wondered why she had been taken, and the poor old woman who was lying in the Charity Hospital left. The design for the monument was a question that still troubled him. He was certain that his mother would not like any of the patterns he had seen. His mother was always so sacrificing, getting only necessary things for herself, and giving what he wanted her to put into luxuries and extras to the poor and suffering. *What a monument to his mother would the erection of a Home for the Aged be!* What a thought! It came to him in the hours when we are told that ministering spirits are about us, and when that Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over us.

The next morning Clarence R. had settled the problem of the monument question. He would have at the head of the grave just a simple white stone, and the real monument should be the institution his good angel had suggested to his thought—a resting place of freedom from the cares and anxieties of life; a place where those who had made a hard journey could sit and watch the red and gold light of the western sky as it gathered, and listen for the messenger to come and say, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Before he went to his office the next morning, he called at the hospital, and found that his new friend of the day before had passed away.

"She never spoke only those words she said to you," the nurse told him.

And this poor old soul who passed out of the world blessing him, was only one of the many thousands who followed, not from the walls of a Charity Hospital, but from the happy comfort-surrounded "Home" Mr. R. erected as his mother's monument.

EDITOR'S PRIZE ESSAYS.

Of all the notices we are getting from editors in various parts of the country, this, which we find in "The Northfield Vermont News" amuses us:

"Our Dumb Animals" is a very nice paper published by the Massachusetts Society with a long name. It is a friend to all dumb animals and to all friends of dumb animals, and we are sure there is not a dog or a horse anywhere that would not subscribe for the paper if it understood its merits. It also offers a prize of \$300 for the best essay on "The effect of humane education on the prevention of crime," to the editors of America. Editors can now have their choice, compete for this, or for the prize offered for the best acre of potatoes. The members of the fraternity will be governed by their individual tastes. *But we think we shall make a fight for the potato prize.*

MOUSE-TRAPS.

A good friend suggests that some of the mouse-traps are very cruel. We trust that no reader of this paper will buy or use a cruel mouse-trap.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith tae rin' an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal!

—BURNS' Poem to a Mouse.

PLEA FOR THE HORSE.

Our plea for the horse against docking, and the plea for dogs were sent to every member of the Massachusetts Legislature and to every Massachusetts newspaper.

CONSOLATION.

When Molly came home from the party to-night,—

The party was out at nine,—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on my shoulder hid,
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee,—
I am old and exceedingly wise.—
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me;
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed.
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

And I myself have often thought
How very much better 't would be,
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is, never to mind what people say,
But to do what you think is right."

—WALTER LEARNED,
in St. Nicholas for March.

SHE SAW THE PROCESSION.

The Germans have a story about a little girl named Jeannette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass; she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd trying very hard to get where she could see.

Jeannette said to herself: "I should like to see the soldiers march; but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honor old age, and I will." So she called the old woman and, placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe and peep and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her; but Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age.

A few moments later a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her: "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?" She could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man to the scaffold within the crowd. A lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said: "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me, you can see everything here." Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honoring old age.

—From "The Holy Family," New Orleans.

DON'T DOG THE COWS.

Every one who has anything to do with a cow should learn thoroughly this fact: that every annoyance and thing that excites or frets her takes a proportion from both the amount and richness of her yield, and in just so much takes money from her owner's pocket. A man who will permit it to be done, much less, himself dog the cows home from the pasture or kick and club them about the barn or yards is not a fit person to own or have charge of cows. It is not only cruel to the defenseless cow, but is ruinous to his own finances, a reason that ought to appeal strongly enough to his avarice to compel proper treatment of his property if humanity will not.

—Western Farmer.

1889.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

Our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, organized March 31, 1868, now closes its twenty-first year.

Only three of the directors on its first board—the President and two others—now remain on the board.

It has dealt with *sixty-one thousand and forty-six* reported cases of cruelty, and prosecuted and obtained *three thousand one hundred and eighty-five* convictions in the courts.

During the past year its agents have investigated *three thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine* cases, and prosecuted and convicted *two hundred and fourteen*.

In the department of humane education and the circulation of humane literature, it has been reaching not only into every American State and Territory (except Alaska), but to some extent into British America, Mexico, and various European and Asiatic countries.

Among the notable work of the past year may be reckoned the Dorothea L. Dix fountain for horses, erected in Custom House Square, at which 583 horses, by actual count, drank on one of the coldest days of the past winter—the ambulance for moving disabled animals, of which the cost was paid by Mrs. Wm. Appleton—the keeping forty-four fountains for horses running all winter—the renewal of membership of over 600 of the Boston police—the forming of a Boston Coachmen's Band of Mercy, with about 400 members—the hearings at the State House in defence of dogs—the law introduced to punish the mutilation of horses by docking—the presenting to Boston schools of bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals*—the offering a prize of \$100 to all American college students for the best essay on "*The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*," and furnishing all college libraries with bound volumes of our publications, and the students with some seventy thousand copies of condensed information—the formation and incorporation of "*The American Humane Education Society*," and the offer by that organization of a prize of \$300 to all American Editors for the best essay on the above subject, and sending to some twelve thousand American papers and magazines full information—the formation of over seven hundred new branches of our Parent American Band of Mercy in forty-four American States and Territories, and in British America, Japan and China—and the circulation of an immense amount of humane literature.

We have lost by death two of our most highly esteemed friends and directors, Hon. Charles L. Flint and George Noyes.

We have received \$19,629.44, and expended \$21,292.75.



From Harper's New Second Reader.

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SAVED BY A LARK.

To some this may seem unwise, but to me the height of wisdom. We have been sowing liberally and shall reap liberally.

I am sure the good people of this Commonwealth never realized the importance of our Society and the work it is doing at home, and the missionary work it is doing all over the country, more than they do to-day.

I am sure the receipts of the coming year will show it.

I am sure the time is coming when, through liberal gifts, we shall be able to greatly enlarge our home work—to have a paid agent in every county—men employed to kill all domestic animals mercifully in every town—and to carry humane education into every Massachusetts school.

I am sure "*The American Humane Education Society*" we have just founded and incorporated is to open a vast field of missionary usefulness, and will sooner or later attract the sympathy of the American people, and be recognized as one of the most important organizations of the nineteenth century.

Its object is to found Humane Societies wherever in America they are needed—to educate the children of America to protect from cruelty every harmless living creature—to reach millions who have never yet been reached—and carry into dark places of cruelty and crime the sunlight of humanity.

It is the first Society of its kind in the world.

Thanks are due to our upwards of four hundred unpaid agents throughout the State.

Thanks are due to all who have given their services to the Society, or aided in sustaining it. "*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*"

The President will deem it a privilege to work for this and its younger sister, "*The American Humane Education Society*," so long as kind Providence shall give him life and strength to work. GEO. T. ANGELL.

SAVED BY A LARK.

"There is a nest in there, and I am going to find it," said Helen to herself. She parted the tall yellow wheat-stalks to right and left, and went forward, looking all about her with her bright, sharp eyes. She did not have to go very far, for right before her was the nest, sure enough, and in it were three little birds.

Was there ever anything so cunning as those little heads, with their tiny bills wide open! It was such a pretty place for a nest too. Helen clapped her hands again, she was so happy.

Then she sat down by the nest, but she did not touch the birdies. It was like being in a golden forest, for the grain was high above her head.

Soon her eyes began to feel heavy, for she was very tired after her long walk. She lay down, with her head upon her arm, and in a short time was fast asleep.

On came the horses, drawing the great reaper with its sharp, cutting knives. Helen's father was driving, and they were coming right towards the spot where the little child was lying. Oh, Helen, little does your father think that you are hidden there in the tall grain!

What was it that made the farmer check his horses all at once? Did something tell him that his dear baby was in danger? Oh no; he thought that she was safe at home with her mother. But he was a good man, with a kind heart, and he saw something that made him stop.

The lark was flying wildly about over the grain that was in front of the reaper. She seemed to say, "Stop! stop!" The farmer thought that he knew what she meant, and he was too kind-hearted to harm a bird's nest. So he said to one of the men, "Here, Tom, come and hold the horses. There must be a nest somewhere among this grain. I will walk in and look for it."

What a cry the men heard when he found little Helen fast asleep by the lark's nest! How his heart almost stood still when he thought of the danger that she had been in! He caught her up in his arms and covered her face with kisses. "Oh, my darling!" he said, "it was the lark that saved you!"

Yes, it was the lark, and his own kind

heart, that had saved her. Helen was carried home in her father's strong arms. She could not understand what made the tears run down his cheeks.

It was some time before the men could go on with their work. They left the grain standing around the lark's nest, to thank her, as they said, for saving little Helen.

As they stood looking at the little birds in the nest, one of the men, with big tears in his eyes, said, "God bless the birds! Come away, boys, and let the little mother feed her babies."—*Harper's Second Reader.*

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 6644 | Evansville, Ind.
P., Goldie Rice. | 6670 | Cherry Valley, Mass.
Never Fail Band.
P., Rowland Akers. |
| 6645 | Vicksburg, Miss.
Garner Band.
P., A. L. Powell.
S., Mrs. Jessie Watson. | 6671 | Indianapolis, Ind.
Protection Band.
P., Geo. Armstrong.
V. P., Clara Wells.
S., Katie Lee. |
| 6646 | New York, N. Y.
Children's Aid Society
Band.
P., Maggie P. Pascall. | 6672 | Federal Hill, Md.
Federal Band.
P., V. Hubert.
S., Lizzie Smith. |
| 6647 | Pine Plains, N. Y.
P., Mrs. W. S. Eno. | 6673 | Brighton Junction, Cal.
P., Anne Tackney.
S., Clara A. Murphy. |
| 6648 | Evansville, Ind.
Pansy Band.
P., Jennie Brownlee. | 6674 | Penn Yan, N. Y.
P., Mrs. Emily H. Gray. |
| 6649 | Equality, Ill.
P., Mrs. Blanche Hales.
S., Claude Malcolm. | 6675 | Penn Yan, N. Y.
P., Mrs. Louisa B. Ayers. |
| 6650 | Salisbury, N. C.
Public School Band.
P., Bessie F. Neely. | 6676 | Wichita, Kansas.
College Hill Band.
P., Mrs. F. G. Horton. |
| 6651 | Eau Claire, Wis.
P., Minnie Joyce. | 6677 | Ashton, Iowa.
Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Jno. Sinclair. |
| 6652 | Indianapolis, Ind.
P., Howard Marmon. | 6678 | Nashua, N. H.
Perseverance Band.
P., Mrs. D. W. Reide.
S., Ida Stearns. |
| 6653 | Decatur, Ill.
Public Schools.
Rose Band.
P., Rose E. Johnson. | 6679 | Hardinsburg, Ky.
Daniels Band.
P., Fannie C. Smith. |
| 6654 | Forget-me-not Band.
P., Bertha Norman. | 6680 | Boston, Mass.
Universalist Golden
Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Albert T. Stahl. |
| 6655 | Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. A. Roddy. | 6681 | Indianapolis, Ind.
Robin Red Breast Band.
P., M. E. Bond.
S., Bertie Bedford. |
| 6656 | Never Fail Band.
P., Tillie Norman. | 6682 | Centreville, Pa.
Protection Band.
P., Mrs. J. B. Clark. |
| 6657 | Pansy Band.
P., Blanche Gasaway. | 6683 | Salem, Mass.
Bentley Private School
Peace Band.
P., Margaret H. Haskell. |
| 6658 | Busy Bee Band.
P., Mrs. A. E. Murphy. | 6684 | Montreal, Canada.
Boys Home Band.
P., James R. Dick.
S., Johnnie Dow. |
| 6659 | Henry Clay Band.
P., Jennie E. Durfee. | 6685 | Gandy, Neb.
Sons and Daughters of
the King.
P., Mrs. Albert A. Sawyer. |
| 6660 | Golden Robin Band.
P., Elizabeth L. Howe. | 6686 | Hudson, Mass.
P., Abbie P. Taft. |
| 6661 | Mocking Bird Band.
P., Ruby C. Gray. | 6687 | Stockton, Cal.
Golden West Band.
P., M. C. Russell. |
| 6662 | Lily Band.
P., Katie Dewpray. | 6688 | New Haven, Conn.
Elm City L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. Grace Lee. |
| 6663 | Canary Band.
P., Nettie Hall. | 6689 | Hamilton, Ind.
Public School.
P., Dana Casebeer. |
| 6664 | Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Hockingberry. | | |
| 6665 | Pink Band.
P., Miss Dubisch. | | |
| 6666 | Rosebud Band.
P., E. B. Anderson. | | |
| 6667 | South Omaha, N. B.
Albright Band.
P., Hettie Moore. | | |
| 6668 | Cheerful Band.
P., Mary Cusick. | | |
| 6669 | Scranton, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. S. G. Dilley. | | |

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A DEED OF KINDNESS AT NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

The hill was alive with merry boys and girls on a bright Saturday afternoon in winter. What fun it was indeed to coast swiftly down the icy slope, and what shouts of ringing laughter as the sleds flew down the hill.

Young and old seemed to be having the gayest time possible. Big boys on double-runners, with crowds of little tots at their backs, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, turned the sharp corner at the end of the hill, to shortly help drag the heavy carry-all up to the top again.

The sun had almost set, and its rosy light filled the street, but before any had started to go home, a man driving a large load of wood began to ascend the icy path. The sleds steered out of the way, as the poor horse tried almost in vain to go on.

Suddenly he stopped, for he could go on no further. The road was so slippery that in trying to walk his hind legs slipped from beneath him. The man seemed enraged, and began whipping the poor creature cruelly. As the horse could not go on, the man struck harder. Meanwhile, a little girl, Amy by name, got off her sled, and stepping up to the man said politely, "Couldn't I help you with your horse, sir? the load of wood seems very heavy for him." The man looked very much surprised, but stopped immediately. Amy went up to the horse, patted his nose gently, and whispered kindly in his ear. A number of boys were taking a few of the logs off the cart, and transferring them to their sleds to drag up the hill.

Amy then led the horse along, for she was very gentle, and the noble creature was perfectly willing to obey her. The man walked along, and really felt much ashamed as he ought. At last they reached the top, and the boys put back the wood as the load was not too heavy for a level. As the children all bade each other good-night to go home, the man turned around, saying, "Many thanks to ye, my lads, and to the little missy," which showed how he felt. Which do you think was happier that night, the horse, or the little girl who belonged to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? D. M. D.

I USED TO KILL BIRDS.

I used to kill birds in my boyhood,
Bluebirds and robins and wrens,
I hunted them up in the mountains,
I hunted them down in the glens.
I never thought it was sinful—
I did it only for fun—
And I had rare sport in the forest
With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one clear day in the spring-time
I spied a brown bird in a tree,
Merrily swinging and chirping,
As happy as bird could be,
And raising my gun in a twinkling,
I fired, and my aim was too true;
For a moment the little thing fluttered,
Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
And there to my sorrow I found,
Right close to its nest full of young ones,
The little bird dead on the ground!
Poor birdies! for food they were calling;
But now they could never be fed,
For the kind mother-bird who had loved them
Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
I stroked the wee motherly thing
That could never more feed its dear young ones,
Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
And I made a firm vow in that moment,
When my heart with such sorrow was stirred,
That never again in my lifetime
Would I shoot a poor innocent bird!

By M. C. Edwards.—Selected.

- | | |
|------|--|
| 6690 | Kankakee, Ill.
Public Schools
Golden Rule Band.
P., Honora Lavery. |
| 6691 | Never Fail Band.
P., Eleanor J. Turner. |
| 6692 | Lily Band.
P., Mrs. S. W. Dye. |
| 6693 | Lincoln Band.
P., Jessie I. Power. |
| 6694 | Pansy Band.
P., Clara Waterman. |
| 6695 | I'll Try Band.
P., Lottie Warriner. |
| 6696 | Busy Bee Band.
P., Louise Roeth. |
| 6697 | Rose Band.
P., Mary Holmes. |
| 6698 | Bluebird Band.
P., Hattie M. Buchanan. |
| 6699 | Forget-me-not Band.
P., Portia Paddock. |
| 6700 | Canary Band.
P., Alvie Vaughan. |
| 6701 | Star Band.
P., Jennie Star. |
| 6702 | Willow Workers Band.
P., Sadie C. Hawkins. |
| 6703 | Rosebud Band.
P., Mary Lavery. |
| 6704 | Tulip Band.
P., Carrie M. Gray. |
| 6705 | Whittier Band.
P., Mrs. L. F. Hollenbeck. |
| 6706 | I'll Try, No. 2, Band.
P., Clairbel Nichols. |
| 6707 | Rosebud, No. 2, Band.
P., Isabel White. |
| 6708 | Lily, No. 2, Band.
P., Rosie Riley. |
| 6709 | Meadville, Pa.
I'll Try Band.
P., Willie Walster.
S., Eddie Werle. |
| 6710 | Bath, Me.
Public Schools.
Bee Legion Band.
P., Beatrice Weeks. |
| 6711 | Evie Weeks Band.
P., Evie Weeks. |
| 6712 | Nellie Ward, L. Band.
P., Nellie Ward. |
| 6713 | Dummer St., L. Band.
P., Mrs. Minnie Minnott. |
| 6714 | Dayton, Ohio.
Fourth District School.
Lincoln Band.
P., Nellie Prior. |
| 6715 | Whittier Band.
P., Clara B. Spindler. |
| 6716 | Grace Darling Band.
P., Clara Pretzinger. |
| 6717 | Florence Nightingale
Band.
P., M. I. Evans. |
| 6718 | George Washington
Band.
P., Alice C. Trasbury. |
| 6719 | John Howard Band.
P., Julia B. Dennis. |
| 6720 | Wilberforce Band.
P., Eunice Cox. |
| 6721 | Mary Livermore Band.
P., Irene Eusey. |
| 6722 | Henry Bergh Band.
P., Carrie Hoopert. |
| 6723 | Longfellow Band.
P., Josephine L. Forsythe. |
| 6724 | Petaluma, Cal.
Chileno Valley Band.
P., Mary Frasier. |

GOOD MEN IN NORWAY.

I like the Norwegians. All travelers here declare them perfectly honest. I certainly have not seen the slightest disposition on the part of any one of them to deceive or cheat, and if trustfulness is an evidence of honesty these people are wonderfully so. They have huge keys to their storehouses and granaries—keys big enough to brain a man with. They are nearly always in the keyhole or hanging somewhere within reach of one feloniously inclined. At wayside stations curiosities—sometimes of small silverware—are exposed in the public room, where anyone can easily carry them off. Farm houses are left open when the whole family goes off to cut hay, and in some unfrequented localities the wayfarer goes in, builds a fire, and cooks a meal; goes to the store-room, helps himself to milk and "flat broed," and leaves on the table money enough to pay for what he has used. Frequently a post-boy (he is sometimes a man and not infrequently a girl or woman) has taken what I have paid for his dues, putting it into his pocket without counting. He always, however, sees what you give him as a gratuity, and shakes you by the hand when he says "tak" (thanks). I gave a servant girl too much for our dinner. She was much amused, when she followed me, that I should have made such a blunder. At wayside stations they charge ridiculously low prices, and as far as I can learn make no distinction in making charges for foreigners and home people.

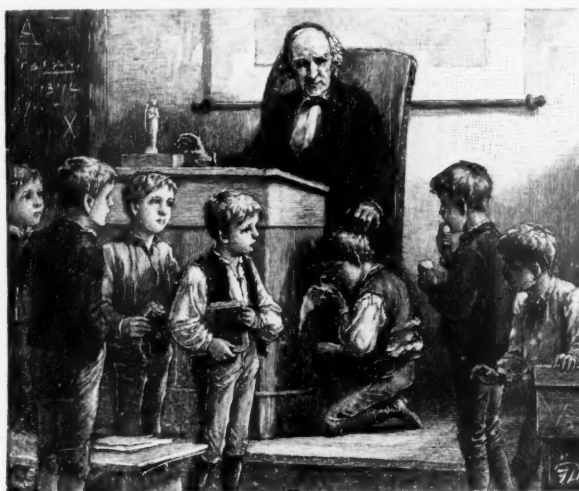
They are a sturdy, fine-looking people, and are the most thorough democrats on the face of the globe. They have abolished all titles and nobility, and have not learned to worship wealth. One man is quite as good as another, and his bearing shows he thinks so. He takes off his hat when he meets you on the roadside, but does it as freely to the coachman who drives as to the rich man who lolls back in the carriage. They are a good natured people, I am sure. The kitchen is the living room in a well-to-do farmhouse. I have walked into these frequently, and generally found the mothers putting the finishing touches to the pot when preparing a meal; and I could never tell which were the daughters of the house and which the servants. By the way, the latter are not ashamed of their calling, and when I have asked a pretty one if she were the daughter, she says: "Oh! nei; I am a servant." Many of the women in the mountains and upper valleys are very comely—not beauties, but ruddy, rosy, plump and healthy specimens of femininity.—*Carter Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

DIS-HUMANIZING "AMUSEMENT."

"Not once or twice only, at the sea-side, have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight—a sight which haunts me still—a number of harmless sea-birds lying defaced and dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as they had been tossed there, dead or half-dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a day's amusement to heartless and senseless men. Amusement! I say execrable amusement! All killing for mere killing's sake is execrable amusement. Can you imagine the stupid callousness, the utter insensibility to mercy and beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white, immaculate wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out in a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by finding amusement—I say, again dis-humanizing amusement—by wantonly murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them, and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?"

—ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Toil either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.



From Harper's New Third Reader.

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STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

One bright summer morning some children were waiting about the door of the village schoolhouse. They were talking pleasantly together and listening to the song of a merry mocking-bird across the way, when Master Lewis himself came up and said, in a cheery, hearty voice, just as he always did:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

Then they went into the schoolroom and took their seats; and they sat very still while the master read a few verses from the Bible, and then prayed that God would bless and teach them all through that day.

The thumb-worn books were brought out of the desks and school began. The lazy boys forgot to sigh and frown and wish for recess that morning; for Master Lewis talked so kindly to them, and made all their lessons so clear and simple by the way in which he taught them, that the hours passed very quickly by.

When the studies were over, the master took from his desk an odd-looking box with pictures of birds painted upon it. He called the boys to his desk and told them that he had brought each one of them a little present. Then, while they stood around, he drew out of it some white and pink shells and some pretty toys which he gave to them with kind and pleasant words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little statue of an angel. She stood with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her face uplifted, and appeared so fair and so pure that the children gazed at her with eyes full of joy. They had never seen anything like it.

"Oh, the dear angel, the beautiful angel!" they cried.

The good master smiled, and said:

"This little angel is too lovely to be given to any child who is not good and true of heart. But the one who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel for his own."

The children looked at each other, not feeling sure that they understood the master. But he said no more, and they went home.

The next day, after the lessons were finished the children gathered around the master to show him what they had brought. Some had picked up sparkling stones by the roadside; one had polished a small piece of silver until it shown like a mirror; another had brought a watch crystal which his father had given him; and Henry, the merchant's son, had brought a breast-pin with a stone set in its centre that shown like a diamond.

"Ah; mine is the brightest!" cried Henry.

"But where is little Carl?" asked Master Lewis, looking around. "We cannot decide until Carl brings his offering."

At that moment little Carl, the baker's only son, came running into the room. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a snow-white dove. Some red drops upon its downy breast showed that it had been hurt.

"Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor dove. Some cruel boys were throwing stones at it, and I caught it up quickly and ran here. Oh, I am afraid it will die!"

Even as he spoke the dove closed its soft eyes; it nestled closer to Carl's neck, dropped its little head, and died.

Carl sank upon his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the poor dove's broken wing two tears, large and bright.

The master took the dead bird from his hands and laid it tenderly upon his desk. Then turning to the schoolboys, he said: "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a tender, pitying tear."

"Give the white angel to little Carl!" cried the boys. "We know now what you meant; and his offering is better than any of ours."—*Harper's Third Reader.*

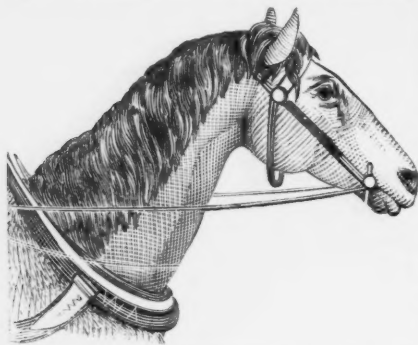
Sweet little birdie, give me a kiss

Straight from your pretty, white beak;
Then sing for me your carols of bliss,
Louder than words can they speak.

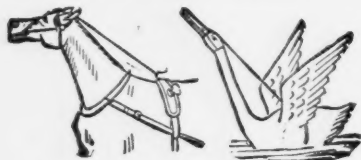
Sing me the songs that God taught to you,
(Praises to him they may be),
And I'll sing for you the hymns of His praise
That in school were taught unto me.

E. W. M.

—Guardian Angel.



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Rein.



Unnatural and Cruel.

HINT TO SUMMER TOURISTS.

Several days ago a gentleman, whose house had been robbed by a negro thief, visited the prisoner at the jail and said:

"What caused you to visit my house?"

"Why," the negro replied, "you advertised in the papers that your house was unoccupied."

"How so?" inquired the gentleman.

"By having it put in the society columns, that you and your family had gone to your country home."

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

Boston Herald, April 7th.

Petticoat government in Oskaloosa, Kan., seems to be justifying its existence. The female mayor and the council, composed exclusively of women, have introduced a number of reforms, and law and order prevail there. The ordinances relating to the observance of the Sabbath are rigidly enforced now for the first time in Oskaloosa. The shops must all be closed on Sundays, and not even the bakery nor the ice cream saloon can open its doors to Sunday customers. All boys under 18 years of age are obliged by ordinance to be off the streets after 8 o'clock in the evening, under penalty of arrest. The tobacco chewers, too, have also been made to feel the influence of the rule of women, and there is no longer any expectorating of tobacco juice on the sidewalk. In view of such a record as this, it is not surprising to hear of the triumphant reelection of this government of the women, and of other towns in Kansas falling into line with female rulers.

Cases Reported at Office in March.

For beating, 27; overworking and overloading, 29; over-driving, 3; driving when lame or galled, 65; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 14; abandoning, 1; torturing, 19; driving when diseased, 9; general cruelty, 52.

Total, 219.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 71; warnings issued, 80; not found, 12; not substantiated, 36; anonymous, 11; prosecuted, 9; convicted, 8.

Animals taken from work, 35; horses and other animals killed, 68.

BY COUNTRY AGENTS, FIRST QUARTER, 1889.

For beating, 17; overloading, 67; overdriving, 67; driving when lame or galled, 88; driving when diseased, 23; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 26; torturing, 12; abandoning, 9; cruelty transporting, 1; general cruelty, 146.

Total, 456.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 423; not substantiated, 15; prosecuted, 18; convicted, 16.

Animals taken from work, 102; killed, 51.

Receipts by the Society in March.

FINES.

From *Justices' Courts*.—Stockbridge (paid at H. of C.), \$5; Canton (two cases), \$20; S. Deerfield, \$5; Barre (two cases), \$10.

Police Courts.—Chicopee, \$15; Lawrence (two cases), \$10; Springfield, \$10; Haverhill (two cases), \$6; Cambridge, \$5; Northampton, \$5; Woburn, \$25.

Municipal Court.—Boston, \$10.

Superior Court.—Worcester, \$25.

Witness Fees, \$6.50; total, \$157.50.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A. N. Burbank, \$25.

TWENTY DOLLARS EACH.

Jno. L. Gardner, Mrs. Geo. Faulkner, Dr. Geo. Faulkner.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

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Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.

Universal P. A. Journal. Darmstadt, Germany.

Philadelphia, Pa. Twentieth Annual Report of the Women's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society P. C. A., for 1888.

Edinburgh, Scotland. Forty-ninth Annual Report of the Scottish S. P. C. A., for 1888.

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